

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:  
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,  
By heaven Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:  
I lay away: Goe on, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* I ets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hora.* Have after: to what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*.

*Hora.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay let's follow him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speake, Ile goe no further.

*Ghost.* Marke me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My houre is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up my selfe.

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold,

*Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge when thou shalt heare.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy fathers spirit,  
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,  
Till the foule crimes, done in my dayes of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,  
And each particular haire to stand an end  
Like quills upon the fearefull Porpentine:  
But this eternall blazon must not be  
To eares of flesh and blood: list, list, O list,  
If thou didst ever thy deare father love.

*Ham.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ham.* O God!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foule & most unnaturall murder.

*Ham.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foule, as in the best it is;  
But this most foule, strange and unnaturall.

*Ham.* Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift  
As mediation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweepe to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I finde thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharfe,  
Wouldst thou not stirre in this: now *Hamlet* heare,  
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Orchard  
A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of *Denmarke*  
Is by a forged processe of my death  
Rankely abused: but know thou, noble Youth,  
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life  
Now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my Propheticke soule, my uncle!

*Ghost.* I, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,  
O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power  
So to seduce! won to his shamelull lust  
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene.  
O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there  
From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage? and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose naturall gifts were poore  
To those of mine! but vertue, as it never will be mov'd  
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heaven,  
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,  
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed,  
And prey on garbage.  
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning aire,  
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within my Orchard,  
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,  
Upon my secure houre thy uncle stole

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